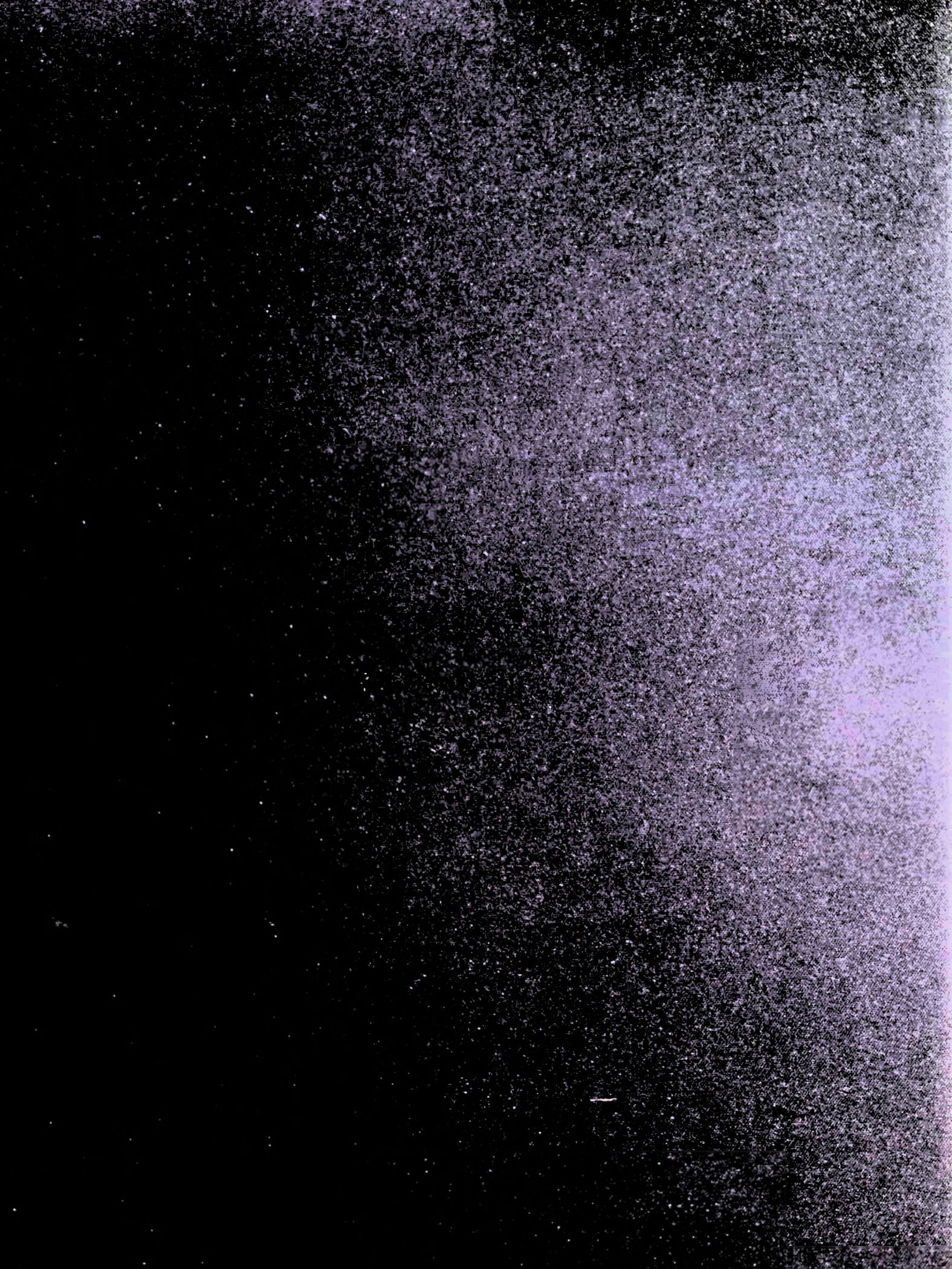
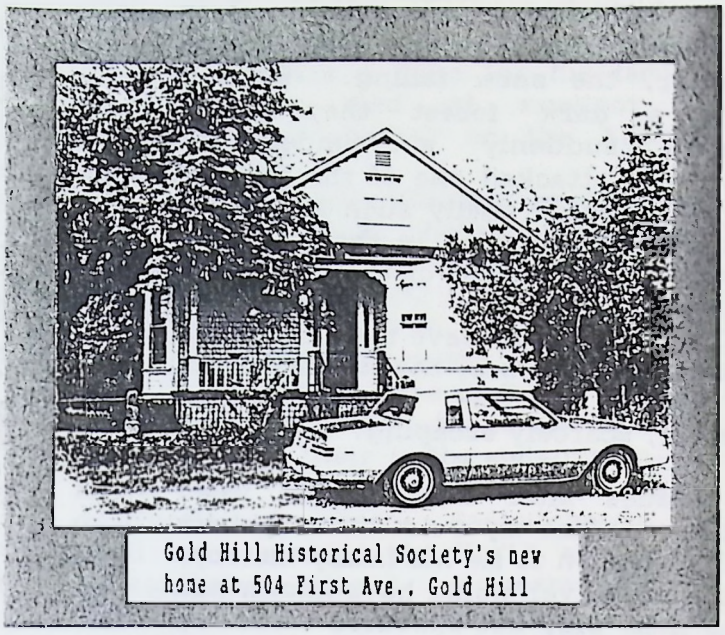


Nuggets of News

GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
gold discovered 1860
recording the past for the future
1986

P.O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Ore. 97525
504 First Avenue
(503) 855-1182

December, 1993



Gold Hill Historical Society's new home at 504 First Ave., Gold Hill

PROGRESS REPORT

Our new home continues to take shape. We have begun to move some of the displays and artifacts to the new location, and hope electrical work and front steps will soon be completed. We will soon prepare the required parking area in the back, and once that is done, should be able to once again open our doors to the public. Even after we reopen, much work will remain to be done and we will be a "work in progress" for many years. Due to budget constraints and time required to do the work some items on our renovation list must wait, but our new home is truly one in which our society can take great pride. It is a beautiful setting in which to preserve and display our history.

######

THANK YOU

We can never express enough thanks to all who have worked so hard to make our new home possible. We would first like to thank the Jackson County Commissioners for listening to us, and helping us through our application process to obtain a portion of the county's historical levy. First and foremost, this has made our museum possible.

We would also like to acknowledge and thank the many businesses who have donated their time and material to help us renovate our new home: Bill's World Wide Refinishing System, Burmeister's, Rob Caldwell Wood Floors, D C Plumbing, Jerry Kunkel Electrical Contracting, Nicol Painting, Platte Electric, Quality Tree Experts, Randy's Beehive, and Rodda Paints.

And then, last but definitely not least, we would like to acknowledge and thank our volunteers who have contributed time, money, materials, and much hard work to help us realize our dream: Jane Adams (Tom Cushman's exchange teacher from England), Mikel Bowen Bandy, Mrs. Baskin, Alyce Bottelson, Art Campbell, Wes & Gen Dahme, Bill & Cindy Faubian, Linda Genaw, Gold Hill School Reunion, Gene Heil, Betty Hodderson, Ben Horner, Bill & Sally Jennings, Hy Klaus, Jack Martin, Jim & Marge Martin, Ken & Gary Martin, Don & Clare Moore, Earl Morris in memory of LaRue Morris, Ken & Winona Nichols, Sharon Olson, Rex & Lyn Parker, David Plumb and Robert, Sherry Remington and son Joel, Jerry & Mary Slover, Delos & Pearl Walker, Ted & Armella Wharton & family, and Jim from Bisbee, AZ.

We sincerely hope we have not forgotten anyone, but in the "busy-ness" of our daily schedules, realize we may

have inadvertently omitted someone. Please be assured it was not intentional and accept our heartfelt thanks. We hope to see everyone at our grand opening and many times in the future.

######

LITTLE PIGS HAVE BIG EARS

c 1993 By Ivy Doherty

Christmas week, 1890 at Waldheim, Saskatchewan, Canada, and the prairie temperature a brittle -20 Fahrenheit. Eddie Buller, who would be six in January, crouched under the homemade table in the overheated, crowded-with-women, kitchen of his parents, Augusta and Joshua. The season's cooking was in full swing; in fact, it had been for weeks. Momentarily, the day's bread supply, "bulque", was puffing out its teasing smells from the buffalo-chip-heated, everlastingly-used oven.

Eddie knew that should the women learn of his presence there would leap from someone's lips those maddening words, "Remember now, little pigs have big ears!" Hadn't they given such warning too many times for him not to know they regarded him as too young to hear their gossip, their exciting talk! Too young to understand?

Such talk it was! Always. A mixture of languages of "the old countries": Low Dutch (Platt Deetsh) which was neither Holland's Dutch, or German. And to make a pretty big stew of it all for a small boy to follow, there was thrown in English and Russian. To cause even more confusion the languages were switched back and forth, sometimes in mid-sentence, according to who could speak what; it was a perfect miracle that Eddie assimilated the monumental jumble of information.

Think of all he wouldn't have learned had he not hidden often and listened with the little pig's big ears! For instance, this very minute there were his Russian-born aunts tripping over themselves, beginning a story that happened long ago on a bleak day such as this:

Their father and uncle had hauled from their old country, Georgia, home the last load of the season's grain crop, sold it in town, and were headed home in their empty wagon drawn by two horses, the cold bitter, the snow falling. Passing through a dark forest they found themselves suddenly surrounded by wolves which attacked one of the horses. For a poor peasant family such as theirs, horses meant everything in their farming and everyday life. Loss of them would be a devastating set-back.

In an attempt to save their own lives and one of their horses, the men freed the other horse to the wolves, they, themselves, scarcely escaping.

* * * *

Decades later Ed and his wife, Catherine, became my Gold Hill neighbors and Ed passed on to me his family history, much of it he never would have known had he, the little pig, not sprouted those big ears. He gave me the story in installments; therefore, it took years of my listening to bring the facts together to make an organized whole filled with joys and griefs, pathos and devotion, courage, loves and hates, drudgery, intolerance, poverty and adventure.

The story began in Europe at the interval of "The Reformation" and the birth of the Mennonite movement. Actually, the history of Ed's family was the story in miniature of the Mennonite religion which spread in spite of, or perhaps because of persecution. It was a no-frills religion which accommodated souls striving to go back to living as had the early Christian church.

Owing to persecution there was continued moving of families and of starting again, a heart-bruising experience after hard work on the land and building homes in spite of little financial wherewithal. Pacifists, they chose to move on, rather than do battle with their enemies.

Stories drifted to Europe; In America there was freedom to believe as one's conscience dictated. There was land

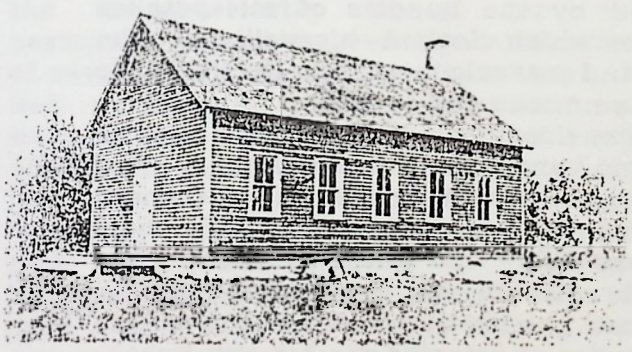
to own. And work to do to earn money.

Ed's predecessors in America were the David Buller and Andrew Dirks families. In 1875 they were ready to set out from Hamburg, Germany for the new world, were at their ship when a smallpox outbreak forced Mrs. Dirks and children to be quarantined. Her husband went on along to prepare a home for his family. Two children died of smallpox at Hamburg, and another on the Atlantic crossing.

Ed and his siblings never knew their grandfathers, both having died before they were born. In spite of hardship, his Grandma Buller lived to 92 and Grandma Dirks to 98.

Joshua and Augusta were born in 1879, he in Kansas, she in South Dakota. Married in 1899 they, with family members and others of their faith, set out on the Mennonite Immigrant Train, their destination Rosthern, Saskatchewan, a small town between the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers. Homesteads were available, and the men were given exemption from military service in keeping with their religious beliefs.

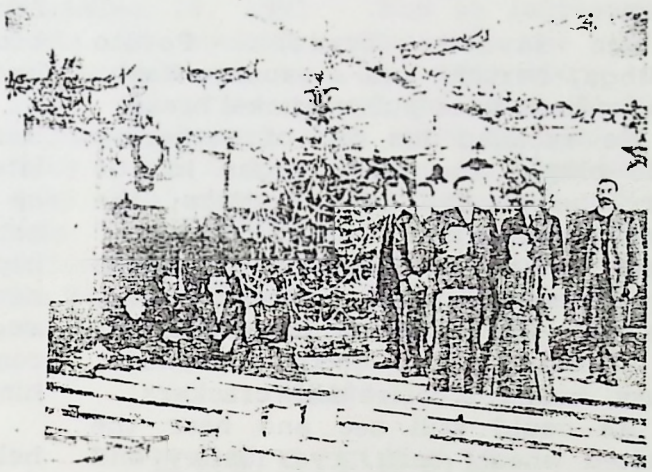
On the arduous journey, which was the honeymoon interval of Ed's parents, there traveled livestock, grain, household and farm necessities, and the train must halt morning and evening for the cows to be milked, all animals to be watered and fed.



The first school house in Waldheim, Saskatchewan, Canada

The Joshua Bullers lived at Rosthern from 1899 to 1909. There, four of their nine children were born, Edward being the third. At Waldheim where the other five children were born, two died in infancy when Ed was seven and fourteen.

In his last years Ed could look back on his life in Canada with a clear mind. His was a close-knit community of large families, many related. There was much socializing; picnics, holiday and birthday celebrations, ice cream socials. Everyone helped everyone in good times or bad. Their sense of responsibility to each other still touched Ed's heart, and he laughed when he remarked, "Of course it could be expected that with such fraternizing everyone knew everyone else's business."



Christmas, 1890, in the new school house at Waldheim

High on his list of special memories was the conduct of his father's life. Owing to an asthmatic condition he was unable to work at crop farming as most others who came to the prairies, but engaged in various other jobs and laced through all was his passion for pastoring and ministering to his Mennonite flock. On occasion this took him to the Russian Community across the North Saskatchewan River. Ed still delighted in saying some of the words his father learned there: A dollar was "kopaeka", and a pleasant greeting was "Drastika, panya".

There was a vivid memory of the

family's first automobile and his father's crossing the river in it on the ferry. Prior to that, the crossing had been by pony and buggy. In cold weather Joshua carried with him a charcoal heater, wore a full-length coat and wrapped himself in a buffalo robe.

Ed's fondest memory of his mother was of her outrage over Uncle Henry's lolloping greyhounds invading her kitchen, and her increased outrage over Henry's lack of concern or embarrassment over the hounds' invasion.

Forever, Ed would feel heart-shredding sorrow on seeing his little brothers' caskets lowered into the cold ground.

His favorite foods? Potato dumplings, borscht and a sausage hash, one ingredient fried pumpernickel bread.

He recalled his job of gathering buffalo chips; the pump organ in the parlor; the sleighs called cutters; the Edison phonograph with its "Amerola" records; and the excitement in 1915 when telephone service came to rural areas. There were the stores of his childhood, too; Clothing, yard goods, hardware, peanuts, beans, a coffee mill, crackers.

He could still see and hear the harvested wheat, corn, rye, barley and oats being hauled to the elevators, the farmers keeping sufficient for their families. They raised animals for food, bartered, and hunted wolf pelts for cash.

Probably Ed's most-enjoyed story involved one of the numerous occasions when his aunt and uncle bedded down wall-to-wall relatives for the night. In the dark hours Uncle Henry's frantic yells jolted everyone from slumber: "We're being attacked!" (Explosion!) "Get up, can't you! Help!" (Explosion!) "We're under attack, I say!" (Pop! Pop! Bang!) "Do something!" (Bang! Bang!) Some people were charging bravely here and there, others hiding. But where was the enemy?

The explosions ceased, at last, and at dawn Uncle henry did the grand tour of his domain only to find his precious stash of home-brew a dead loss. Not a cork remained in any bottle!

In 1920 a pastorate at Munroe, Washington was offered Ed's father and the family moved there where Ed graduated from high school. Soon the Bullers were transient again in Washington, California and Idaho; a diversity of homes, work, locations, Carolyn and David having joined the family of Catherine and Ed.

In Hollywood Ed worked for years in the construction of movie sets, some of his work for famous productions such as "Mutiny on the Bounty". He and Catherine retired to Gold Hill in 1972. Ed's parents' strict-code-of-ethics training stayed with him, evidenced in his admirable sense of right and wrong and "the little-pig-with-big-ears" habits brought him the enrichment of valuable knowledge.

He was meticulous in his wood-working and cabinetry trade, and in his later years attended craft fairs at which he sold his creations. The proceeds he brought home, however, were not as important to him as his delight at finding new friends at the sales locations. The sociability of the Saskatchewan communities had left its influence deep in him.

He found a certain joy in being a helpful neighbor and loved little children. He wrote respectable poetry, was capable with his photography. Flowers were a joy, as were his dogs. He spent hours playing his small organ.

Habitually, he floated into shining flights of fancy which were usually inspired by the bundles of sweepstakes promises which clogged his mailbox. The great and marvelous things he would do with his unmeasured wealth!

Considering all of his gentle pursuits and his sociability I had difficulty in accepting the fact that there lived definite contradictions in Ed's soul; He a was feisty and tough-spirited; iron-handed ruler of his household; and he possessed the obstinacy of a dozen mules, to the point of "standing in his own light".

Following Catherine's death he returned my English poetry book, saying, "It's a miracle! I've found something here I've been bursting to write, but have never found the correct way to express it.

Listen: 'I feel like one who treads alone, Some banquet hall deserted'."

Before his last illness, at Christmas he told again of the evening following his hearing the story of the horses and wolves; his attending his first Christmas party at Waldheim's new school house. The softly glowing candles on the tree. His present, popcorn balls and his very first orange whose flavor caused him to feel rich.

I have a number of precious and useful keepsakes made by Ed in my home. They represent to me not only a deep affection shared, but an era enviable in its basic simplicity.

And often, I fancy I can hear Ed say with a chuckle, "Think of how much the little pig would have missed had his big ears not listened. Exciting names: Athabasca. Regina. Saskatchewan. Moose Jaw. Exciting stories about Hudson's Bay Company. Trading Posts. The fur men. The coming of the railway."

In response, I think of what I would have missed had Edward Buller not become a part of my own history.

######

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Another year is rapidly coming to an end, and it has been a momentous one for our organization. The acquisition of the Beeman-Martin house for our permanent home has been the culmination of seven years of work and planning. It was a difficult decision to close our museum and place our artifacts and displays in storage while renovation of our beautiful new home occurred, but it was a necessary one to continue our growth. With our grand opening of the new museum planned for early next month, we need help - help unpacking, sorting and arranging displays, and help staffing the museum after we are open again. If you can contribute any time, even if it is only an hour or so, it will be greatly appreciated. Please contact Marge Martin, Clare Moore or Lyn Parker for our schedule of work hours if you can help us.

Best wishes to everyone for a healthy and happy holiday season and 1994.

######

1994 GOLD MINE CALENDAR

Our new calendars are at the printers and will be available after December 15, 1993. Due to increased costs to reclaim many of the old photographs, it has been necessary to raise the price to $7.00, plus $1.50 shipping charges if it must be mailed. Many thanks to Ted Wharton for a job well done with adverse conditions and little help. With everything in storage in three different places, it has been no small feat for Ted to be able to bring it all together, and we do appreciate his hard work.

######

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

15 October '93

Hello everybody back home,

It is difficult to believe that my family and I have been in England for 65 days. Time certainly can fly by. I thought I would brief you on my educational experience in this pretty county of Cornwall in the southwest corner of England.

My 4th grade students, all 25 of them, wear their red, green, and grey uniform to school every day. Imagine my shock when I announced that it was time for P. E. on the third day of school. They rushed to the cloak room, grabbed their P. E. "kits" (a bag with P. E. clothes in it), came back into the room, and stripped! Then they put on their P. E. clothes and lined up. Speaking of P. E. as you might imagine, they're very big

on soccer here. But far fewer girls play it here than in the U. S. (at least from my perspective).

I notice a distinct difference in behavior and manners between students here and American children. These students are incredibly polite. "Please sir; Yes, Miss; Sorry, Sir; Excuse me, Miss!!" Students are always aware of adults' presence and act with respect. Doors are held open, etc. Behavior is very civil in the classroom, although talking with one another during lessons can run rampant if the teacher lets it. Behavior away from adults appears to be similar to American children. I don't mean to paint a real rosy picture. I must admit I have a wonderful group of kids - better than the norm.

The school physical facility is well planned. I believe it is only six or seven years old. The classrooms are similar to American classrooms, with similar desks and a counter along the windows. There is one chalkboard and many bulletin boards. Since the English style of teaching involves far more investigative discovery, and artistic modes of teaching, there is a "work area" shared by each two classes. It is a tiled area - about 8' X 20' which contains a "tool trolley" for building with wood, a sink, counter, art and paper supplies, and - ready for this? - a stove. There is a gymnasium/cafeteria, which is simply called the hall. Elaborate gymnastics apparatus (apparati?) are stored there. In a matter of 5 minutes, the hall can be transformed into an incredible gymnasium with ropes to climb, rings to swing on, mats to roll on, balance beams to balance on, and a high wooden "jungle jim" on which you can climb to the ceiling. These products are standard in nearly every British school. The hall is also used during the lunch hour and for the assemblies.

Assemblies need some explaining. Four days a week the students congregate in the hall at 10:20 - 10:35 for assembly. This is a communal time when the students - a sea of green - become a family. During this time, Ray McCaughey, the Headmaster (principal), may talk with the students. Or, hymns may be sung (there is no separation of church and state in England). And let me tell you, these kids sing well. Sometimes a class will put on an assembly. Sometimes a local minister (vicar) may talk. Every assembly has a message - often about how we need to treat others in the world. I led an assembly and talked about slavery. I mentioned the underground railroad and taught them "Follow the Drinking Gourd".

Though I was forewarned about the lack of books in English schools, it still hit me like a ton of bricks. When I saw my room two days before school began, I was shocked at the starkness. There was a grand total of 9 books - dictionaries. Later I found some old MacMillan or Ginn math books, which I haven't used once. Why? Because I'm trying to be a British teacher, that's why! Their methods work very well. I'll try to explain the system in brief:

There are three terms of about 14 weeks each. During each term, the teacher designs - as much as possible - the lessons around a major topic. My topic this term is light and sound. During the first week of school, I met with the other two 4th grade teachers. We designed a topic web. With light and sound in the center, the strands radiating outward attach to the academic disciplines, as well as P. E. and Religious education. Lessons relating to light and sound are listed under each area. For example: P. E.: dances, shadowing, reflecting, balance, symmetry. History: decades of music in the 20th century, light sources in the past. Math: symmetry, frequency, angles. Naturally, science will be taught heavily in this topic. You might ask, where does all the information come from with no books? There is a tiny version of the E. S. D. here. No movies. Some materials come from there. The school has a very small library. Students supply information from home. As students gather data and knowledge, they may record it in one of several "exercise" books (they're like thick blue books). Often final copies of observations, conclusions, reports and diagrams are carefully written on typing paper. At the end of the 14 week term, all work relating

to the topic is often bound together in a notebook form. They are often quite impressive. Incidentally, math is also done in blank exercise books (although the paper is gridded, not lined). When traditional problems are to be done, the teacher creates a worksheet, or writes problems on the board. The problems are copied in the book and solved.

As in America, British teachers are often criticized by society. They sometimes feel as we do that it is somehow our job to cure societies' ills. In 1985 the Government instituted the National Curriculum, an unwieldy document which forces teachers to check off skills learned by students. Though its' intentions were good, it is far too precise. Many teachers feel that is taking the joy out of teaching. A revision in the document is expected within a year which will allow teachers more of the freedom they once had.

That will be all for now. I do have a request. Would somebody please send me the story of the first Thanksgiving. I need names of Pilgrims, names of Indians, food which was eaten, etc.

The autumn atmosphere is quite similar here. Cold crisp days. Windy. Because the terrain is flat, the sky is big and wide. And because there are no big cities, the night sky is clear and bright. Several nights ago, the sun had disappeared beneath the sea, a crescent moon shone in the sky, and the familiar sounds of Canada Geese could be heard in the distance. It was a memorable dusk.

Sincerely,

Tom, Alice, David, Kenny Daniel

P.S. Rachel will be joining us in December.

####

GRAND OPENING

Plans and work are progressing to have our grand opening on Saturday, January 8, 1994. Watch for further announcements!

A pre-opening Christmas tree decorating party is planned on Thursday, December 16th for Patrick Elementary School students whose teachers can work it into their schedule of holiday preparations. Hanby SODA (Southern Oregon Drug Awareness) members will participate as tour guides. We hope it will kindle young interest in our museum as well as decorate our old fashioned tree. Our members are also invited and encouraged to join us, and if possible, bring an ornament or decorations to donate for the "adult's tree".

Many thanks to Ted and Armella Wharton for going into the mountains before the snows to get us two beautiful silvertips for our enjoyment.

####

A NEW YEAR

As 1993 is rapidly fading into history we're looking forward to many exciting happenings in our new home in 1994. Remember, memberships need to be renewed each January. Dues remain $5.00 per family, per year.

####

DOLL RAFFLE

Armella Wharton has graciously donated a porcelain doll from her daughter's doll shop, The Doll Gallery, in California. Her daughter, Celest Hallanger, makes use of her mother's expertise to make the clothes for many of her dolls and they are beautiful to behold. This doll will be on display at the new museum after December 15th and is for a donation raffle, with the doll to be given away during Gold Dust Day festivities the first Saturday in June. Tickets are $1.00 each or 6 for $5.00. Be sure not to miss this opportunity, even though Armella has promised more dolls to us.

####

SEASON'S GREETINGS

May each of you have a wonderful holiday season and the best of everything in the new year.

####

MONTHLY MEETINGS

Regular monthly meetings are held the third Wednesday of each month at 7:00 P. M. in the museum, located at 504 First Avenue. Please join us for an evening of business and fellowship.

####

OFFICERS

President -
Marge Martin
855-1559

Vice President -
Clare Moore
855-1891

Secretary -
Ted Wharton
773-4525

Treasurer -
Lyn Parker
855-9059

####

Gold Hill Historical Society
P. O. Box 26
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Gold Hill, Oregon 97525